THE NATION

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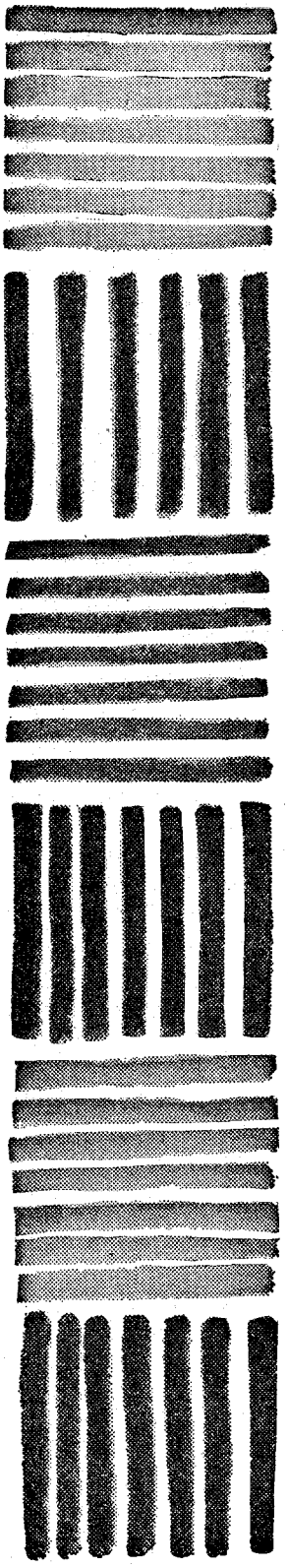

SUKARNO: Regional Bully

Bruce Grant

TUSSLE in TEXAS

Saul Friedman

Negroes Plan the Future

The Spring Offensive

Pat Watters

CHALLENGE OF THE NEW THEATRES

Harold Clurman

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LETTERS

Hitting the targets

San Jose, Calif.

Dear Sirs: It is interesting, and perhaps even significant, that the men accused of killing Medgar Evers and President Kennedy were both ex-marines. Both had had excellent training in marksmanship—with a human being as the ultimate target. And both had been effectually instilled with a righteous desire to seek out and destroy the enemy.

Only in making a personal choice of the enemy did they deviate from their military training—which, we are always assured, builds character and enhances citizenship. But in making those choices, they each had the hearty approval of frighteningly large numbers of their fellow citizens.

Bryan Fulks

Better down South?

Florence, S.C.

Dear Sirs: Regarding your editorial entitled "The War Against the Rats" in the Jan. 20 issue, who is forcing these poor Puerto Ricans and Negroes to live in these slum dwellings in New York City? Perhaps you are finally realizing that the South treats its minorities much better than the bleeding-heart liberals in the North.

Carter Byrd

Crude words

Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Dorothy Marshall's observation in her letter to the editor of January 20 that "Mrs. Goldmark has left herself open to being judged *either* traitor *or* liar-from-fear" illustrates the kind of thinking which sees all things in black and white. . . . I also find myself objecting to Miss Marshall's use of the words, "wallow in the filth of informing themselves before a Congressional committee," as being unnecessarily crude, in discussing the predicament facing a sensitive and wounded member of society in a very complex situation. . . .

Shirley W. Osborn

The movement 'crowd'

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The Nation is more useful when it demands a stricter standard of polemic than Grossman's nonsense. ("The Peace 'Crowd,'" Jan. 20) . . . .

Perhaps Mr. Grossman is hostile because he didn't like the style of the conference—it wasn't enough like a "cause" for him . . . . Much of your readership, however, is seriously concerned with the actual changes needed to achieve peace, and the question of how to bring them about. They may want to know something of what occurred on that weekend.

Radicals and moderates from the 101 organizations sat together and heard out one another's most sophisticated positions. The conference confronted the need for changes in both Communist and American attitudes and policies. . . . It wasn't the old story of the peace movement vs. America; it was a group of Americans of very different outlooks trying to engage the prickliest political cactus of them all, without leaving their political principles at the door . . . .

Michael W. Vozick

Good issue

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Your issue of Dec. 21, 1963, was superb. I particularly enjoyed the article entitled "The Roots of the Agony" by Reece McGee. It is the most honest and forthright appraisal of what's wrong with Texas that I have yet read. . . .

I want to recommend to your readers an excellent book on Texas, *The Super-Americans* by John Bainbridge. Chapter 14, dealing with folk justice, is particularly revealing. . . .

Bette L. Stern

Spaniards in France

New York City

Dear Sirs: A quarter of a century ago, on January 26, Barcelona fell to Franco's Fascist insurgent army, the death knell of the Spanish Republic was sounded, and hundreds of thousands of loyal Spaniards fled from imprisonment and death to France. More than 100,000 of them remained there — many of them absorbed into the French economy — but some 10,000, aged and ailing from war wounds and chronic illness, need your help. A few, believing Franco's intermittent offers of amnesty, returned to Spain; imprisonment, and even agonizing death through strangulation by a spiked metal collar were the fates of some.

Though many millions of American tourist dollars are left in Spain each year, the forgotten refugees a few miles north of the Spanish border receive no benefits from them.

Spanish Refugee Aid, our tiny organization headed by Pablo Casals and Salvador de Madariaga, is grateful to those who have helped us for eleven years to ease the misery of Franco's victims. Now, to mark the anniversary of their twenty-five years of exile, we ask for renewed and enlarged aid. Your contribution can mean food and clothes, coal and blankets, for needy refugees. The sum of $25 will help one old person through the hard winter months. Tax-deductible contributions may be sent to: Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc., 80 East 11 St., New York, N.Y. 10003.

Nancy MacDonald
Executive Secretary

THE NATION

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To Lead or To Follow

The United States has strongly protested France's decision to recognize Red China. France has rejected the protest in language as curt as one loving ally can well use to another. Now a part of the U.S. diplomatic Establishment, though still bitter, is beginning to cool off. A few of the men who sit at the big desks are trying to think — always a more profitable exercise than grinding one's teeth. "Sources," quoted by *The New York Times*, say that, just maybe, this could be a good thing for the United States.

That depends on another beloved U.S. ally — Chiang Kai-shek. The Sino-French accord, such as it is, was negotiated by M. Edgar Faure, a former premier and foreign minister, and one of its conditions was that France would not have to break off relations with Taiwan. The Chinese Communists have never tolerated the idea of such duality before; that they are now willing to do so indicates that they place a considerable value on French recognition. The question is whether Taiwan, though unhappy, will prove equally amenable. If the State Department is wise (its wisdom may need some catalyzation by President Johnson), it will urge the Generalissimo not to break his ties with France.

If that influence is not brought to bear, or if Chiang proves intransigent, the dominoes will fall. Clearly, what the Chinese Reds hope for is that Chiang will cooperate in isolating himself. Portugal, if only because of its interest in Macao, is then likely to extend recognition to Peking and let Chiang cut his throat if he feels like it. Japan is another candidate, and Canada. And others.

In the UN, fifteen African countries still recognize Chiang's government on Taiwan as the lawful ruler of all China; of these, thirteen are former French colonies. They are independent, but many of their statesmen speak French and in such matters tend to follow the French lead. The result, *The New York Times* Review of the Week (January 19) points out, "could be a perilously narrow margin, if any, for the forces blocking Peking's admission to the UN." This is sound arithmetic, considering that last October, amid great rejoicing in the American delegation, the General Assembly vote against seating Red China in the Security Council was 57 to 41. If nine nations switch, all is lost.

What is so perilous about this prospect? De Gaulle undoubtedly foresees this possible, and indeed likely, development, and it does not freeze his blood. On the contrary, he sees possible advantages for France — and perhaps trouble for China. In the latter area, is there not a lesson for us in our own hemisphere? Here we have hegemony, and look at our troubles, in Panama, in Cuba, in all of Latin America. Once the American military are out of Vietnam (and the time is growing short when we can withdraw with dignity), the Chinese Reds may wish we had stayed. Over the centuries, no love has been lost between the little nations of Southeast Asia and the great incubus to the north. If they get along no better in the future than in the past, we should be able to retain a considerable measure of influence (shared with France) in South and Southeast Asia. They might even begin to like us down there, once we stop dropping napalm.

But if the specter of neutralism continues to haunt Washington, if we can never wean ourselves from Dulles and Acheson, if we continue to contest China's admission to the UN, if, in short, we follow our right-wing bigots to the end, then, indeed, the end will be bitter. It is as if anti-communism had blinded us. De Gaulle not only sees, but *foresees*, and we do not. We had better follow him.

The Draft Becomes an Issue

The author of the following editorial, John C. Esty, Jr., is headmaster of the Taft School, Watertown, Conn. For the March 14, 1959, issue of The Nation *he wrote "The Draft Dilemma: A Way Out," and in the February 23, 1963, issue he published "We Don't Need the Draft."*

Last spring Congress took two days to debate and vote a four-year extension of Selective Service. Only two weeks elapsed between the opening of hearings and the signing of the bill — a remarkably expeditious performance, especially for that session of Congress. The whole procedure provoked only desultory news stories and practically no editorial comment.

Now, less than a year later, the draft is developing into a national issue. In the past two months:

- More articles and editorials were written about the draft than in the previous five years.
- A Senate subcommittee on employment and manpower, directed by Sen. Joseph Clark, has held hearings on the effect of the draft on unemployment and the training of youth.
- Congressman Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin has renewed his efforts to amend the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962 to provide for a study by the Secretary of Labor of the military needs of the nation.
- Senator Russell halted passage of a draft-exemption bill in the Senate, and announced that his Armed Services Committee would conduct hearings early in the new session to examine the total effect of all exemptions from the draft.
- President Johnson ordered draft physicals given to eighteen-year-olds to identify early, and develop remedial measures for, the nearly half who will fail the physical and mental standards of Selective Service.

Why should there be this sudden activity and in-

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terest? One easy answer is that the greater supply of manpower and the lesser demands of the armed forces have finally strained the draft mechanism beyond repair. This lay behind last fall's Executive order deferring married men. A more lively and promising answer lies in the new perspective of certain members of Congress and a few manpower officials in the Administration.

Selective Service is now seen as one part of the total problem of matching the country's raw manpower to the overall need for trained men. It will be exciting to see the mechanism of draft physical and mental tests turned to what Secretary of Labor Wirtz has called the "most important human salvage program in the history of our country."

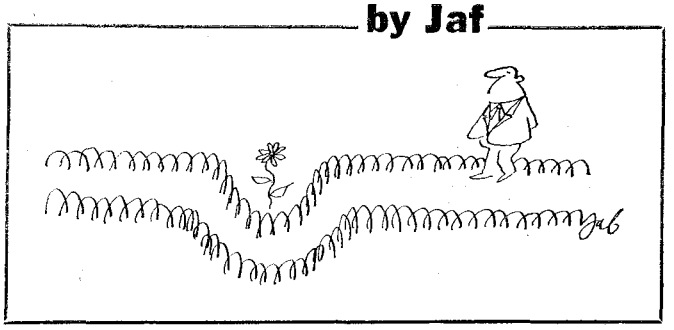
The present ferment over the draft began last summer at the instance of President Kennedy. Here — as with tax reform, aid to education, and civil rights — we are the embattled benefactors of his unique legacy. He was not afraid to raise national problems to the status of national issues. And it is clear that in this democracy a national problem must become a national issue before any fundamental solutions are possible.

Giving the Predators a Break

Few urban Americans are aware that in addition to tax collectors, FBI agents, and space scientists the federal bureaucracy employs between 600 and 700 professional hunters to do nothing but kill coyotes, wildcats, foxes, mountain lions (the few that are left) and other carnivores. These exterminators do not go adventurously into the woods with rifles; they use poison, cyanide guns, aircraft and other devices which kill the most in the shortest time. All this is done on the theory that the animals on the condemned list are by nature enemies of mankind. Only, as David Cort pointed out in "Wolves and Congressmen" (*The Nation*, October 12, 1963), the theory happens to be wrong. Congress, always the friend of the farmer, thinks otherwise, but Congress can also be wrong.

It now has a chance to mend its ways through H. R. 9063, introduced in the last session by Rep. John D. Dingell of Michigan. This bill provides that by July 1, 1966 (the beginning of fiscal 1967) the 600 hunters would be reduced to a staff of six regional experts who would advise and assist the states in setting up trapper-instructor services such as have been used successfully in Kansas and Missouri. In each of these states, with its large farming population, a single specialist has been found adequate to cope with the occasional forays of misguided predators on domestic livestock.

The principal argument for protecting the four-footed predators from man, the biggest predator of all, is man's self-interest. Predators have cultural and economic value and should not be subjected to pogroms. They play a major role in keeping the prolific vermin in check; the more carnivores you kill, the greater the population explosion among the rodents. Predators also help to maintain a high standard of health and survivability among species like deer and



game birds. They do this not out of Darwinian zeal but because it is easier to catch diseased or starving prey than healthy specimens, and the average predator finds them just as good to eat.

The Dingell bill lays down the principle, as novel as it is enlightened, that it is "the policy of Congress to recognize that the wolf, the coyote, the mountain lion, the lynx, the bobcat, the several species of bear, and other large, wild carnivores native to North America . . . are among the wildlife resources of interest and value to the people of the United States," and the Secretary of the Interior is authorized to control and conserve them. It will save federal money too.

Happy Endings

A Fair Verdict . . .

A jury of nine men and three women ended the long libel action of ex-legislator John Goldmark (see "Ordeal in Okanogan" by Grace Bassett, *The Nation*, December 28, 1963) by awarding the plaintiff $40,000 damages on five of nine counts. Mrs. Goldmark, an admitted former member of the Communist Party who had named former party associates, sought $25,000 damages, but the jury rejected her claim in toto.

A statement that labeled Goldmark "a tool of a monstrous conspiracy to remake America into a totalitarian state" — pretty rough talk even for Western-style politics—drew the largest part of the award: $13,000. An article pointing to Goldmark's membership in the American Civil Liberties Union, which was characterized as "closely affiliated with the Communist movement in the United States," was deemed damaging in the amount of $12,000. The verdict was eminently fair; it was not punitive in intention or effect. Bad news for the John Birch Society and companionate groups, the verdict may also insure a greater measure of fairness in the political charges and countercharges of the 1964 campaign.

. . . A Good Decision

Still another issue of special interest to *Nation* readers has been happily resolved. The Federal Communications Commission has renewed the licenses of the three Pacifica Foundation listener-supported FM radio stations: WBAI (New York), KPFK (Los Angeles), KPFA (Berkeley). In the face of a hearing conducted by the Senate Internal Security subcom-

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mittee which sought to prove that some of the personnel of the stations had so-called "subversive" backgrounds (see "Pacifica and the FCC: Dangerous Precedent" by Laurent B. Frantz, *The Nation*, November 30, 1963), the FCC renewed the licenses by unanimous decision. Without conducting a full-dress investigation, the commission made sufficient inquiry to satisfy itself that the charges were not well founded. More important, however, is the broad sweep of the decision in support of the stations' right to present programs that were not "wholly inoffensive or bland," that might well offend some listeners. As long as a station does not consistently, over a period of time, pursue a type of programing inconsistent with the public interest, the commission is unwilling to substitute its judgment for that of the licensee. Under the circumstances, the decision reflects political courage and eminent good sense. It should encourage other stations to engage in more "controversial" broadcasting.

Glenn in Orbit

When John Glenn returned from outer space in February, 1962, he promptly announced, "I have no political ambitions, none whatsoever." Now, having thrown his hat into the Senatorial ring, he explains that he decided to run because "this is an area in which I have had a lifelong interest. I feel that it provides the best opportunity to make use of the experience I have gained in twenty-two years of government service." All this is in the American tradition of political coquetry, not altogether remote from Byron's line about the girl who, "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented."

Equally nonsensical is the reason Colonel Glenn gives for his consent. His experience has been as a flier, a marine and a spaceman; none of it has a direct bearing on the problems of running the country. As for background, Glenn knows far less about space science and technology than dozens of NASA administrators and engineers whose names never reach the public, and who will never find themselves in the tip of a rocket.

Politically irrelevant people have made a success of politics from time to time, and Glenn should not be damned out of hand. A special objection, however, springs from the origins of his fame. The astronauts were type-cast by NASA and the services: all were good test pilots with some engineer training, all were splendid physical specimens and clean-cut American types. All were conventional in their backgrounds, their marriages and their views. It is as if they had been selected for the image of orthodoxy they would project before the public.

So screened, and ruling out the improbable flowering of latent political perspicuity and independence, Glenn cannot be expected to offer much in the way of courageous and original thinking in a period when the country faces the most dangerous dilemmas at home and abroad. In the Democratic primary, moreover, he faces Stephen M. Young who, despite his seventy-four years, is one of the most spirited and progressive members of the Senate. Can anyone imagine Glenn telling off a big shot in the American Legion in the tone of the "Listen, Buster" letter? From this national standpoint, Robert Kennedy would have done better not to plant or water the seed of Glenn's candidacy; and whether it will improve Democratic chances in Ohio remains to be seen.

SUKARNO: Regional Bully . . . . . Bruce Grant

Indonesia's decision to "confront" its new neighbor, Malaysia, has opened eyes to the real dangers in Jakarta's understanding of its role in Southeast Asia. Once regarded as one of the unluckiest of possessions in its choice of colonizer, later seen as a leader of the morally influential non-aligned group of nations, Indonesia is now quickly gaining a reputation as a regional bully.

When Malaysia came into being on September 16, 1963, it offered no threat to Indonesia. Its defense arrangements with Britain and its Commonwealth neighbors, Australia and New Zealand, were essentially the same as had existed with Malaya since it became independent in 1957. The "will of the people" had shown itself to two commissions of inquiry, as well as in two elections and one referendum, to favor the new confederation. The investigating team sent by the United Nations Secretary General (U Thant) confirmed this impression and gave Malaysia a clean bill of health. Yet Indonesia has claimed that the new nation is a threat to her security and that, contrary to appearances, the will of the people opposes it. In the hope of proving this point, it has launched an offensive against its northern neighbor which involves the full range of unpleasantness short of an open declaration of war. Amid jubilant predictions by President Sukarno that "we will crunch up Malaysia and spit out the pieces," Indonesia has banned trade with Malaysia — a blow at Singapore's entrepôt business — and is training and equipping guerrilla bands for subversion along its 900-mile border with Malaysia in Kalimantan (Borneo).

Since it was first floated as an idea in May of 1961 by Tunku Abdul Rahman, then Prime Minister of Malaya, the proposed federation of Malaysia has had its critics. This was not surprising, as the proposal intended to bring together five units in different stages of development: an independent nation

Bruce Grant is an Australian journalist whose work has appeared in The New Yorker, Esquire *and elsewhere in this country. He has written a book on Indonesia which will be published soon by the University of Melbourne Press.*

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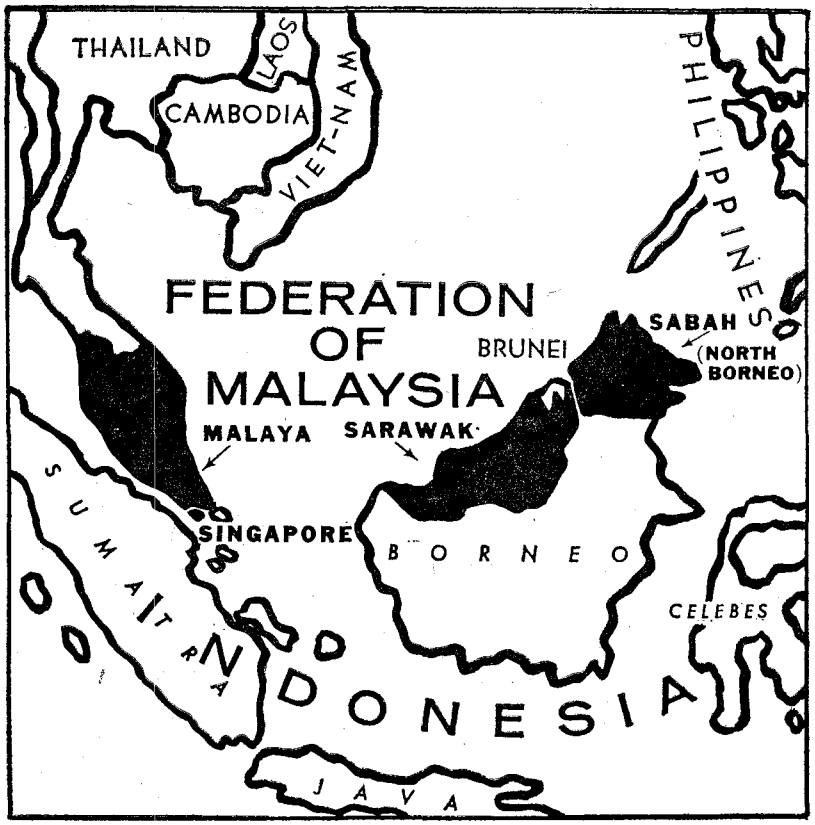

(Malaya), a self-governing state (Singapore), two British colonies (Sarawak and Sabah) and a British protectorate (Brunei), which subsequently held out. Many of its 10 million people were uncertain about the change. Local politicians, who did not fancy the larger arena, local commercial interests and racial groups, whose traditional advantages were in some way challenged, fed the uncertainty. But public-opinion tests showed that, whatever the precise percentage, an evident majority favored the move. Only the Communists remained consistently opposed.

The Indonesian Communist party (PKI) clearly stated its opposition to Malaysia — in line with the international Communist view that Malaysia was a British neo-colonialist plot — at a conference on December 30-31, 1961. But a month before (on November 20), the Indonesian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Subandrio, made the following statement to the UN General Assembly: "We are not only disclaiming the territories outside the former Netherlands East Indies, although they are of the same island, but — more than that — when Malaya told us of her intention to merge with the three British Crown Colonies of Sarawak, Brunei [*sic*] and British North Borneo [Sabah] as one federation, we told them that we have no objections and that we wish them success with this merger so that everyone may live in peace and freedom." This permissive attitude continued through 1962 — when, perhaps significantly, the negotiations with the Dutch over West Irian (Indonesia's name for West New Guinea) were going on. As late as September, Dr. Subandrio in written answers to questions from the *Sydney Morning Herald* said Malaysia was "up to the people of those countries themselves."

Why did the Indonesian Government change position on Malaysia? The expert opinions on this intriguing subject vary a great deal. Some say that the Minister for Defense, General Nasution, is eager to keep up his army strength, as a counter to the growing influence of the PKI, and is prepared to generate a crisis atmosphere to justify his army of 500,000. Others say that, as Sukarno had finally agreed to American pressures for economic reforms (which were introduced in May, 1963), he was forced to demonstrate that he was still anti-imperialist by taking the PKI line on Malaysia. It is also pointed out that Indonesia's economic position had already deteriorated so far that any attempt at reform is likely to fail—a failure to be justified only by reference to an enemy outside.

Other experts point to shifts in the internal balance of power supporting Sukarno. Some believe that diplomacy — of the kind that brought about the *Maphilindo* meetings of Malaya, the Philippines and Indonesia in Manila — would have succeeded had not the British decided to bustle Indonesia. There is a view that Britain, knowing that Australia wanted, if possible, to retain a foot in both the Indonesian and Malaysian camps, forced the issue to insure an Australian commitment as an additional lever on Washington.

Any or all of these explanations may be pertinent. Indonesian politics, like those of most nations, are capable of varied and even mutually exclusive interpretations. But most informed opinion on Indonesia assumes that Sukarno is something of a captive leader, that he is precariously and cleverly balanced on the locked shoulders of the rival contenders for power, principally the army and the Communists.

Yet there is evidence that Sukarno has increased his real power considerably since 1957, when he introduced "guided democracy." He is not a dictator in the European sense, with a loyal party to force his leadership on the nation. He is not cruel and, although his petty pleasures sometimes show the personality of a tyrant, he can also be forgiving — witness the "return to the fold of the republic" of the army colonels and political economists who led the costly rebellion of 1958-61. But since the Masjumi (moderate Muslem party) and the PSI (Socialist party) were banned in 1960, the check on the president's legally unlimited power has lessened. Increasingly surrounded by like-minded men, Sukarno is able to use Indonesia's traditional forms of democracy (such as *musjawarah*, meaning discussion, and *mufakat*, meaning the consensus of the meeting) as instruments by which to shape public opinion rather than be shaped by it. Guided democracy pays lip service to the principles of popular rule, but it lacks the safeguards: the people cannot change the government peacefully and they

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have no independent judiciary to protect them from official displeasure.

At the UN General Assembly in 1960, Sukarno unveiled his theory of the "new emerging forces." In the three years since then, it has become both more sophisticated and more emphatic, producing its *coup de théâtre* in November, 1963, when the first Games of the New Emerging Forces (GANEFO) were held in Jakarta. Fifty-one countries were represented, although some of them by little more than a flag. Sukarno's "new emerging" and "old established" forces have not received much serious attention from political analysts, on the reliable assumption that the theory is window dressing for the Indonesian revolution that, much to the Communists' annoyance, has never taken place. But the theory represents a development in the president's thinking that seems to be relevant to Indonesia's current foreign policies.

In 1955, when Indonesia was host to the Afro-Asian countries at the Bandung Conference, Sukarno gave a welcoming speech in which he stated Indonesia's view of nonalignment in the traditional neutralist form of a rational brake on the power-mad, nuclear-clad blocs.

> *What can we do? The peoples of Asia and Africa wield little physical power. Even their economic strength is dispersed and slight. We cannot indulge in power politics. Diplomacy is not for us a matter of the big stick. What can we do? We can do much. We can inject the voice of reason into world affairs. . . .*

Nine years later this "three world" theory has changed. The "new emerging" forces, representing three-quarters of the world, are ranged against the "old established" forces, representing the other quarter. They are engaged in a death struggle which, because "one cannot escape history," will lead to the destruction of the "old" and the establishment of a "new" society. The new emerging forces are "the Asian nations, the African nations, the Latin American nations, the nations of the Socialist [meaning Communist] countries, the progressive groups in the capitalist countries . . . at least two thousand million people on the earth!" The old established forces (sometimes called "powers" or "order") has not been defined, except by elimination, but it obviously represents the bulk of the Western world.

This swing to a revolutionary, "two world" concept of Indonesia's international role (naturally she will lead the new emerging forces) places Indonesia in alignment with the Communist bloc against the West. The theory does not describe a recognizable international reality; the world has not taken Sukarno's theory to heart and divided accordingly. Even in Indonesia, where the propaganda of three years is having an effect, it is freely recognized that Sukarno is not describing reality; he is concocting an ideology to which all his supporters can subscribe.

He has been successful to the degree that both the army and the PKI, as well as the Nationalists, the National-Communists (Partai Murba) and the various religious groups, use "new emerging" and "old established" forces to explain and justify themselves these days. Dr. Subandrio, who used to accept the old-fashioned East-West world division, hardly speaks today without a passionate reference to the clash between the 75 per cent and the 25 per cent.

Sukarno's theorizing has been supported by General Nasution's obvious loyalty since 1958, and by the development of "Konfrontasi" as a technique of power politics. For in confronting the old established forces, Indonesia is confronting its region. Its three neighbors, Australia, Malaysia and the Philippines, are all committed to Western defensive and ideological positions of one kind or another. Britain and America have bases in the area and their fleets roam the seas of Southeast Asia.

Confrontation worked well over West Irian, because neither the faraway Dutch nor the nearby Australians wanted to fight. There was a sense that the real failure of Western policy was not the American diplomatic initiative which finally brought the two sides together but the fact that this was delayed until Indonesia had created a military threat, with arms from the Communist bloc worth $1 billion. Indonesia now has the biggest navy in Southeast Asia and the most sophisticated air force. Australia and Malaysia are both rearming, but the presence of Britain (with implicit or explicit American support) is still necessary to maintain a balance. In deciding to confront Malaysia, Indonesia was in effect determining to chase the British from Southeast Asia as she had chased the Dutch.

Confrontation is a two-fisted stance, military and political, by which it is hoped to scare or disorganize the opponent into submis-

Batik Design: Java

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sion without actually coming to blows. Over West Irian it was concentrated on the Dutch and in the physical region of eastern Indonesia. For Malaysia, confrontation requires a broader stance if it is to cover the traditional trade (and widespread smuggling), land, sea and air relations with both Malaysia and Australia (which now has a 500-mile land border with Indonesia in New Guinea), and the effective presence of Britain and America. So far, it has been concentrated on Britain, the line being that the ordinary people of Malaysia are innocent victims of British imperialism and its Tshombe-like stooge, Tunku Abdul Rahman. In a speech in February, 1963, entitled "We Are Being Encircled," Sukarno developed this theme in an obvious direction: "Malaysia is to protect the safety of tin for the imperialists, Malaysia is to protect rubber for the imperialists, Malaysia is to protect oil for the imperialists."

Early in 1963, Australia was anxious to avoid a showdown with Indonesia and was prepared to accept its "right" to be consulted over the disposal of territory on its border. The Maphilindo meetings were arranged and, after several alarms, concluded with the summit conference of the Tunku, Sukarno and the president of the Philippines (Mr. Macapagal) in August. But despite this recognition, which in the opinion of some observers gave Indonesia long-term advantages in establishing itself as the first power in the region, the Jakarta leadership embarked on the hazardous drama of "crushing" Malaysia. Whatever doubts lingered in Canberra were removed. The Menzies government solemnly gave a promise of military support to Malaysia and, in a suddenly called election, prior to which it went out of its way to ask for public support for its defense and foreign policies in Southeast Asia, was returned with a larger majority than it had expected.

There is every indication that events are reaching the point where Indonesia will have to modify its opposition to Malaysia (especially its military assistance to border subversion), or be prepared to face a more conventional test of strength. Indonesia has for so long neglected rational policies, preferring to base its bid for recognition on status symbols enforced by what has been called "Pavlov diplomacy" (enticements alternating with harsh and inexplicable punishments), that there is real danger that such a challenge would be accepted. As the economy declines still more, the pressure on the leaders to create tests of their gallantry becomes almost irresistible. As Sukarno grows older and Indonesia's economic welfare stagnates and even declines, it becomes evident that he cannot expect to lead his people—as Tunku Abdul Rahman can—toward prosperity. But his place in history as a revolutionary is assured and he apparently proposes to play this role until the end of his life.

TUSSLE in TEXAS . . . . . Saul Friedman

Houston

Late last October, Southern Methodist University in Dallas published *The Decision-Makers*, a penetrating, sociological study of the close-knit power structure that for years has ruled Dallas in its image. "The city," wrote author Carol Estes Thometz, "would suffer if such power were concentrated in the hands of men who would use it unwisely." At least one member of the Dallas power structure, Stanley Marcus, president of the Neiman-Marcus store, now believes that wisdom was lacking. For on November 22, and in the days since, the city suffered.

Yet little has changed in Dallas. If anything, the murder of President Kennedy has strengthened the decision makers — the men who built their city into a bastion of rigid conservatism, and who have tolerated, when they did not actively support, the rabid Right as a means of frightening moderate and liberal dissenters into silence.

The Dallas *Morning News*, spokesman for the power structure and the hard Right, says that J. Erik Jonsson, who has been at the top of Miss Thometz's power pyramid, has agreed to become mayor should the incumbent Earle Cabell resign to run against ultra-conservative Rep. Bruce Alger. And Robert Morris, long a right-wing leader, enjoys strong Dallas support in his race for the Republican senatorial nomination against a moderate conservative, George Bush of Houston.

Dallas, the home of billionaire H. L. Hunt and former General Edwin Walker, continues to be a mecca for speakers like the Reverend Billy James Hargis, John Birch Society leader John Rousselot, and former Major Arch Roberts, the one-time aide to Walker and author of his "pro-Blue" troop indoctrination course. Roberts, in town to pay his respects to his former chief, and to speak before the Minute Women and Hunt-supported Pro-America, charged that traitors (he included Dean Acheson and Philip Jessup) had created the United Nations, that it was now Communist-dominated and that American soldiers are being brainwashed by civilian meddlers to prepare them to fight under a UN Soviet commander.

Hunt's "Life-lines" is still on the air, and Birch Society meetings grow larger.

In Dallas and elsewhere in Texas, the extreme Right seems to be regrouping along the line recently promulgated in advertisements and intra-organization bulletins by the Birch Society. It goes like this: There is no reason for Dallas, or Texas, or conservatives, or the nation to do any post-assassination soul searching. President Kennedy was not their victim—he was killed by the international Communist conspiracy.

A letter received by the Houston *Chronicle* from a woman reader vividly sums up the point of view:

> *A display of hatred has not always been considered so terrible. . . . Even Christ showed anger and hatred.*
>
> *Now I do not presume to compare the attitude of the people of Dallas with Christ, but I simply wish to remind those individuals who have*

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so vociferously criticized Dallas that sometimes justified hate *can be of some good. . . . Dallas should not be criticized for its hatred for anti-Americanism.*

The blame for the assassination should not be placed upon Dallas but where it actually belongs—on the Communist conspiracy, as aided and abetted by the Supreme Court, which even since that tragic day in Dallas, has steadfastly refused to enact laws to clamp down on Communist sympathizers in this country, and upon the shoulders of the U.S. Attorney General, who instead of rounding up these known Communists, was so busy watching the "horrible right wing" that the President was murdered by a Communist.

Until recently I did not understand why the Birchers were so adamant about impeaching Earl Warren, but in the light of events since the assassination, I am beginning to see the light. Yes, there is a deep, burning hatred in Dallas, and I pray to God that it may continue and spread throughout the entire nation until the Communist malignancy which is threatening all of our lives is completely destroyed.

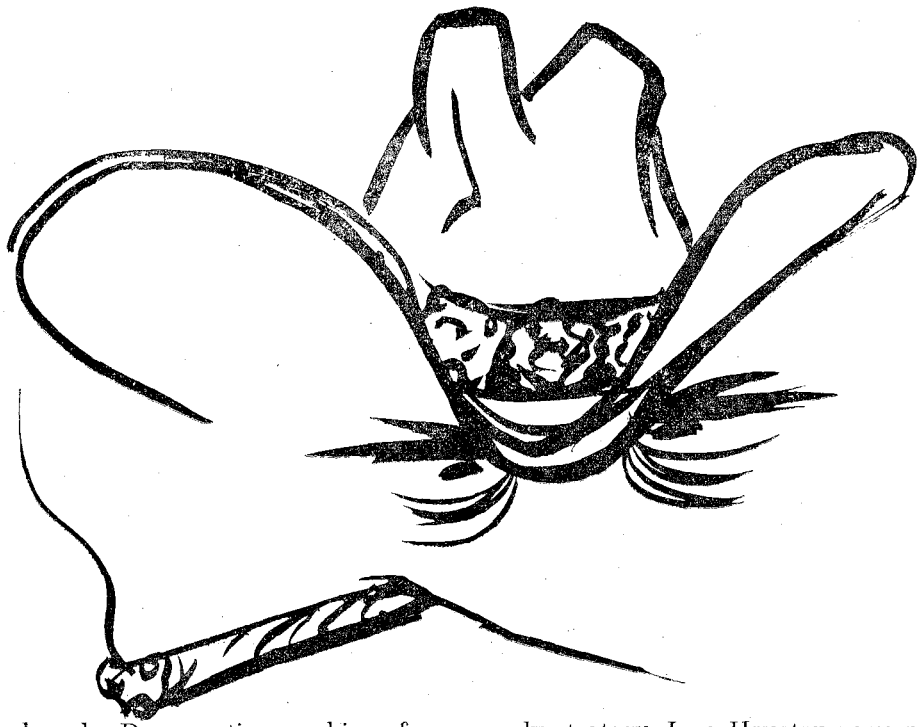
This was one of a number of letters, playing variations on the same theme, that were received by Texas newspapers following statements made on the assassination by Birch Society founder, Robert Welch.

In Dallas and Houston, some Protestant ministers have told their congregations that the slaying of the President, though lamentable, was an act of God—that Kennedy was struck down because he was a Catholic President.

It should be said here that Houston does not take second place in right-wing activity to Dallas; it never has. Robert Welch has singled Houston out as a Birch Society "stronghold" second only perhaps to Los Angeles.

In the week following the assassination, one of Houston's top attorneys was lunching with one of the wealthiest and most influential men in South Texas at a Houston businessmen's club. "I don't hold with murder," said the wealthy man. "But I can't say I'm not glad to see us rid of that bushy-haired bastard from Boston."

Houston, however, is politically more mobile than Dallas; the liberal or moderate can find room to move, a place to speak and people to listen. In Houston there is a large,



largely Democratic, working force and an active trade-union movement. There are also more Negroes in Houston and they have an influence on city politics. Finally, Houston is not governed by an organized oligarchy.

But although Houston has been able to absorb and digest the activity of the rabid Right, the stream of speakers coming into the city gives good indication that the right wing in Texas is not about to roll over and play dead. On a rainy night less than a month after the assassination, a crowd of 700 turned out at a Birch Society meeting to hear Westbrook Pegler. The aging columnist decided not to use his prepared speech, which castigated the Kennedy administration, and the chairman reflected the crowd's disappointment at this show of respect. "I guess he [Pegler] wants the body to get cold. As for me and the rest of the people here, I would just as soon listen to what he was going to say."

Major Roberts and Robert Morris have recently appeared in Houston, and Admiral Ben Morecll and Sen. Strom Thurmond are on the schedule.

A series of films from the right-wing propaganda factory at Harding College in Arkansas is being shown at Houston civic clubs and has been offered to the schools, and the local Birch Society held an overwhelmingly successful two-day conclave in mid-January to set their post-Kennedy strategy. In a Houston mayoralty election held about a week after the assassination, the candidate backed by the extreme Right won over a man who had been a Kennedy campaigner in 1960.

There are some oases in this right-wing desert, although the hunt for water by Houston liberals leads them to cheer some spurious victories. In a recent Republican County chairman's race, for instance, a "moderate" beat a member of the far Right. The "moderate" was an avid supporter of Goldwater, but in the Texas context he is entitled to his label because he does not associate with the absolutist, quasi-racist, rabid Right.

And the breach between the conservative Democrats and liberals has been healed by the overtures President Johnson has made to liberal standard-bearer Senator Ralph Yarborough. The truce is apt to hold at least until November, and there is a chance that Harris County will go Democratic for the first time since 1948.

In Dallas, however, there is little prospect that the ultra-conservative hold over both parties will be broken. If Senator Goldwater is not nominated, the far Right may be thrown into confusion and Dallas County may go for Johnson, but the rightist grip on the city will not be broken.

It will not be broken because for too long—since the heyday of Mc-

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Carthy—the city's mass media have given the rightists a respectable platform from which to crusade against the liberalist-Socialist-Communist-atheist infidel. Before Dallas had the blood of a President on its hands, its mouth was filled with spittle for then Senator Johnson and his wife, and later for Adlai Stevenson.

Strong elements in Dallas view the federal government as some alien power. After years of openly evading the Supreme Court's order to desegregate the schools, aged Federal Judge T. Whitefield Davidson helped fan the flames of anti-federal hatred by telling Negro attorneys that he was ordering desegregation because the government was "forcing it on the community without its consent." Speaking in his courtroom, Davidson called the desegregation order a "Negro victory" and likened the position of Dallas whites to Lee at Appomattox.

Dallas has spawned the National Indignation Convention, which cheered when Birch leader Tom Anderson told them that World War II was the wrong war, fought against the wrong enemy. Dallas is the place where the Ku Klux Klan was revived in Texas. It is also the home of the Texas Aryans, and the city that stood by while a high school boy was pilloried with anti-Semitic abuse because he wrote, for his school paper, a favorable review of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*.

Dallas is also a cultivated city, the city of the Margo Jones theatre, a city that has a fine symphony orchestra and art museums. But its art circles were helpless against the determination of the Dallas Public Affairs Luncheon Club to keep works by Picasso and Jo Davidson out of the museum. And the music lovers obligingly called off the scheduled recital by a touring Russian string quartet.

In her study of Dallas, Miss Thometz points out that such things could not have happened without at least the tacit consent of the power structure she traces. Although the political parties, and the quasi-political crusading organizations have power, "Dallas is a city characterized by men of power rather than by organizations of power," wrote Miss Thometz.

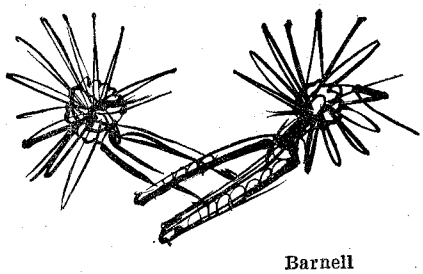
Little in the city gets done unless the organized oligarchy wants it done. This is not to say that various individuals cannot write letters, hold meeting or otherwise speak their piece. But the right wing created the climate of Dallas, and the oligarchy permitted that climate because it seemed to thrive in it.

Therefore if a change is to come about in Dallas' climate it must be wrought by the power structure. Dallas is probably unique among the large cities of America in that its "establishment" is no ill-defined, amorphous group, but one easily discernible because it is organized into a body which operates openly. It calls itself the Dallas Citizens Council (not to be confused with the racist citizens councils) and includes approximately 230 men who are the chief executives of the largest business and financial institutions in the city.

The Dallas Citizens Council, though largely Republican, is nominally bipartisan. It keeps party politics out of city elections, but makes sure that those elected—Republican or Democrat—are ideologically in its image. Thus it rarely needs to exert direct influence on the city administration.

The political arm of the Dallas Citizens Council is the City Charter Association, which for years has controlled city politics. Dallas' longtime mayor, R. L. Thornton, a banker, has been president of the D.C.C. The present mayor, Earle Cabell, went into office over the opposition of the Citizens Charter Association, but his proposals were then beaten down by city council members who were protégés of the Charter Association, and he made peace with the D.C.C.

Today, Dallas' power structure seems more concerned with the city's image than with the death of the President, and all the subtle and unsubtle causes for the murder. Dr. E. S. James, editor of the influential Baptist *Standard*, says: "Right-thinking Texans will always grieve that such a dastardly crime should have been committed in their state." The Dallas *News* said: "It cannot be charged with fairness that an entire city is in national disgrace, but certainly its reputation has suffered regrettable damage." Many citizens want to erect a permanent marker at the spot where the President was shot, but members of the Citizens Council think it might be better to pay for a memorial to be erected in Washington.



Barnell

Keith Shelton, political editor of the Dallas *Times-Herald* puts the reaction of the Dallas Citizens Council this way: "It will still tend to agree with the far Right, but the D.C.C. will not let the right-wingers go as far as they have gone in the past. That would blemish Dallas' fair name. Basically the Dallas Citizens Council is more worried about Dallas' fair name, and about their own position. They want to maintain the *status quo*, and if that means cutting down on the right wing for now, they'll do it."

By putting a lid, at least temporarily, on the far Right, members of the power structure are, paradoxically, making themselves stronger. For in the days before November 22, it was becoming evident that party-conscious young Republicans, led by Representative Bruce Alger, posed a threat to the hegemony of the oligarchy. The Dallas Citizens Council, Miss Thometz points out, was Republican only in national elections. In city, county and state politics they sought the candidate who best represented and protected their interests. Since Texas politics are controlled by Democrats, the Dallas power structure remained "tory" democrats.

Alger, therefore, never became a part of the power structure, although he was helped by the oligarchy in past elections. He began to lose his D.C.C. support when he led the mob that attacked Johnson in the 1960 campaign, when he said Dallas didn't need any federal money, and when ridding Dallas of Alger seemed a good way of ridding the city of its assassination guilt. The D.C.C. has now designated Mayor Earle Cabell as the man to beat him.

The power structure intends to maintain its authority. With the announcement that Cabell may resign to run for Congress, the D.C.C. has

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announced that J. Erik Jonsson "has consented to become mayor." Jonsson, a Republican, is former president of the D.C.C., and chairman of the committee for the luncheon to which Kennedy was going when he was shot.

There is some hope, though, for a break in the almost totalitarian control of the city's political climate. The Democratic Party, which was opposed to Kennedy, now seems able to rally support around Johnson because he is more palatable to conservative Democrats and because the assassination has put some fight into Democrats who have stayed away from precinct meetings rather than oppose the tories.

Just after the assassination, a new organization, the North Dallas Democrats, came into being. It is committed to a conservative-liberal coalition and pledges its support for the national Democratic ticket. This may not seem unusual, but it is the first open Democratic organization that has dared to put itself on record in support of the party leader since 1948. Only eighty-seven attended its first meeting, but at last count there were 700 members.

The resurgence of a Democratic Party ideologically in tune with the national party, is a sign of hope in Dallas, and so is the exhortation by D.C.C. member Stanley Marcus that Dallas be made safe for diversity.

But it remains to be seen whether real diversity, or the North Dallas Democrats, will have a meaningful role in the future operation of the city. And it remains to be seen whether the power structure will give up any of its sovereignty to representatives of the 130,000 Negroes in Dallas, or the Dallas A.F.L.-C.I.O.

If the Dallas Citizens Council continues to deny the legitimate liberal-moderate groups their right to take an active and effective role in the dialogue of Dallas, those groups can operate only on the fringes of the city's political life. And there they must suffer from malnutrition. Because that has happened in the past, the right wing established itself as the voice of Dallas. If the voice of liberalism and moderation is again stifled, the dialogue will again become a monologue—in the harsh, irresponsible voice of the far Right.

Negroes Plan the Future

THE SPRING OFFENSIVE . . . . . Pat Watters

Atlanta, Ga. Far from phasing out, direct action for civil rights will see its biggest year in 1964, say the leaders of organizations which set much of the pace for the South — which in turn sets the pace for the nation.

The movement has not run out of steam, and it does not need to curtail demonstrations in deference to election-year politics or to adverse public opinion. There are likely to be more demonstrations than the record number of last year, and there will be new types of demonstrations. Regardless of how the civil rights bill turns out, emphasis will be on public accommodations, voting, jobs, schools and housing.

And Negroes want to see how President Johnson reacts to a direct action crisis.

That is a summary of the coming year, as set forth in separate interviews in Atlanta with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC); John Lewis, twenty-three-year-old chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), and James Forman, executive secretary of SNCC.

Their views apply primarily, but not completely, to the South; and these men are obviously and naturally more optimistic about direct action than many less-involved observers. (None of the three leaders is loath to let a little propaganda, or things as they might wish them to be, seep into answers to press questions.) But in the past four years of direct action history, in which SCLC has been in the spotlight, and SNCC in the vanguard, things have more often turned out as these men expected than as their discouragers and detractors predicted or hoped.

Don't they fear the effect that waves of demonstrations, like those of last summer, would have on this summer's Presidential campaigns? Not at all, said Dr. King. They would force candidates "to speak to the issue. We could see where they stand on civil rights."

"I think," he went on, "that President Johnson is committed, but that he needs to face a situation where civil rights is more personalized. He needs to face a situation where people are demanding and fighting for their constitutional rights. . . . I frankly don't know how he would react. I think we need to know. . . . It is one thing to say, let's get a civil rights bill, but it is another thing to face people in a community fighting for their rights. . . . We need to see how the Chief Executive reacts to this — whether he would use the crisis as an opportunity to persuade the nation to see the moral issues involved and develop a greater commitment on constitutional rights for all people, or whether he would advise the Negro to slow up in his quest for civil rights and not engage in such a vigorous push."

In a like vein, Mr. Lewis said that he thought President Johnson needed "to prove himself" to the cities of the North and the Negroes of the South beyond commitment to the civil rights bill. A demonstration crisis in the spring and summer would be an opportunity for the President "to make his position known." He said a contest between Johnson and a liberal or moderate Republican, with both vying for Negro votes, would be a "good picture," and that in such a case, President Johnson might have trouble. Goldwater, he said, would not get many Negro votes.

"The problem," said Mr. Forman, "is how to use the campaign." He also said "a lot of tension" ought to

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be directed at the federal government. "It's really responsible" for a lot of areas of Negro grievances. Dr. King, recalling that civil rights demonstrators appeared at both conventions in 1960, thought there "may well be" similar convention and campaign activity this year.

Mr. Lewis and Dr. King both said that the outcome of the civil rights bill was important, but that demonstrations would continue even should it pass intact. "If it is enacted and rigidly enforced, it will help a lot," said Dr. King. "But if it is compromised (and this is the danger), public accommodations will (again) be the main Southern target." Segregated public accommodations are the most humiliating thing a Negro faces, he said. "So if this section is not passed, I think we will see disillusionment bring about greater and larger demonstrations."

If the bill does pass, demonstrations will be needed to compel enforcement in resistant cities. In cities that comply, "there will be emphasis on voter registration and selective buying for jobs" and a lessening of overt demonstrations, Dr. King said.

"If we don't get the bill, or if public accommodations are sacrificed," said Mr. Lewis, "we could be in for something we've never seen before." Not just organizations would react, he said, "but individual communities and people would be moving on their own." A little of this occurred last summer. He, too, said demonstrations would be needed to force compliance with a public accommodations law, as the freedom riders enforced court rulings against segregated transportation.

"I can't see violence," Mr. Lewis said, even if the bill does not pass. Then musingly, he went on: "In some areas, like the voter registration activities in Alabama and Mississippi, the Negro is pushed to the wall. He is not so sympathetic to nonviolence. If there really is a showdown, it will take place in rural areas over voter registration.

"Federal marshals and troops with court orders will be needed for voter registration before we crack what Dr. Silver calls the closed society." The reference was to a speech by Dr. James Silver of the University of Mississippi, charging that Mississippi maintains a closed society to perpetuate segregation. "It will take the same thing," Mr. Lewis said, "that it took to get James Meredith into the University of Mississippi."

The two SNCC leaders stressed voter registration. Mr. Lewis spoke of "saturating the states" with it. Mr. Forman said he couldn't overemphasize the importance of the organization's plans for "aggressive voter campaigns" in areas where Negroes have trouble registering. These will involve applicants standing in line all day with signs, as in Selma, Ala., last fall, and "stand-ins" at recalcitrant courthouses. He cited aggressive voter plans for Hattiesburg, Miss., and said there would be "more and more in the Black Belt." Mr. Lewis listed specifically Mississippi, central Alabama, eastern Arkansas and southwest Georgia. He said the "one man, one vote" slogan developed at Selma would be a goal. "Since Negroes were denied education, the only qualifications should be age and residence."

Dr. King made several points on voting: "One of the big problems in the country is the lack of representative government. The right-wing Republicans and the Dixiecrats block every meaningful move toward creative and progressive national legislation. It seems to me the only possible move is to make people aware of this and to get Negroes in large areas over the country where they hold the balance of power to get out and register to vote." He said only 60 per cent of Negroes were registered to vote in various cities of the North and West Coast, and that only 50 per cent of those registered actually vote. He is "committed" to speak at mass meetings in some of these cities, with door-to-door canvassing by various cooperating civil rights groups to follow.

Dr. King has mixed reactions about going into the North. "There's so much to do in the South." He also listed Alabama and Mississippi as "the two most difficult situations."

He agreed that the reported plans of SCLC to develop major campaigns in those two states were likely, but said final decisions had not yet been made. Possible sites include Montgomery, where he got his civil rights start, and Birmingham, where previous SCLC campaigning produced little real desegregation. (Albany, Ga., is in the same category.) A late January retreat, conferring with advisers, is necessary before "I will feel like moving out on a serious campaign."

Martin Luther King, Jr.

SNCC considers that it inaugurated a major campaign of direct action in Atlanta on the first day of 1964. After two months it had departed from a truce on demonstrations that was agreed to by a number of Atlanta organizations, including SCLC, in order that local leaders might try to negotiate an open-city policy. SNCC members, beginning shortly before Christmas, sat in at Toddle House restaurants for fifteen days, and won desegregation of them and other restaurants in the Dobbs House chain. Atlanta hotels and motels then desegregated by negotiation. SNCC went on demonstrating at other restaurant chains. This and recent demonstrating in Chapel Hill, N.C., were cited by the SNCC leaders as indications of growing dissatisfaction with tokenism and "false images" of racial progress. As for operations in the North, Mr. Forman pointed to Friends of SNCC organizations in eighteen Northern and West Coast cities. He said the theory is to have them as "pressure points" in all major cities with heavy Negro population.

On job discrimination and unemployment, Mr. Lewis said civil rights organizations "must continue to raise the issue. We cannot solve the problem; the government must do that. But we must keep raising

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it." Mr. Forman said SNCC would attempt a nation-wide demonstration on February 1 (commemorating the beginning of the sit-in movement) to protest unemployment. Individual campaigns during the year will concentrate on stores, utilities and government employment, using boycotts and demonstrations. He thought the Southern movement could learn a lesson from the North on fighting discrimination in the building trades, particularly on government-financed projects.

Both SNCC leaders described

Harry Moss

James Forman

plans to send young, white field workers into white communities of the South to organize campaigns on unemployment. There might even be interracial teams for this, Mr. Lewis said, the purpose being to take the emphasis off of race.

Dr. King expressed interest, too, in unemployment as a means toward realizing the old dream of an alliance between poor Negroes and poor whites. He couldn't see it happening "right now," but eventually, "if there is not massive action by government and labor on the effects of automation, we will see direct action by whites and Negroes to dramatize this situation." The only long-range solution for economic problems in general "is a strong public works program, and maybe a shorter workweek."

"We will see more and more activity for job opportunities," he said at another point. He cited an SCLC project in Atlanta in collaboration with local ministers whereby, with two days of picketing, 1,816 Negroes got pre-Christmas jobs in sixteen stores.

All three Southern leaders expressed interest in Northern efforts to improve housing for Negroes. SNCC has tried in recent months to develop civil rights organizations in two Atlanta slum areas, the first such effort in a large Southern city to place emphasis on economic conditions. The three were also interested in Northern protests agannst *de facto* school segregation. Mr. Forman described plans for another national demonstration — a school boycott on February 11, the day before Lincoln's Birthday. (It will commemorate the birthday, and protest lack of observance in the South.) Action on schools in the South will protest both the slowness of desegregation and the inequality of separate schools. Desegregation has brought "no change in the plight of Negro kids" in separate schools.

The men also acknowledged that direct action had been slow since the Washington March last summer. They gave plausible reasons for it, including the self-evident one that from the beginning it has been quiet in the fall and winter.

"There is an inevitable lull," said Dr. King, "after a vigorous direct action movement in order to assess and reassess, and get a vision of where we are going from here. . . . We have to put ourselves in position for larger leaps forward. . . . The year 1964 will see resumption of direct action in many communities, particularly cities where there were no gains in previous campaigns." Then he added a less complex reason for the winter lull: "It's cold."

Dr. King pointed out that after the assassination of President Kennedy, all the civil rights groups had to face the question of whether strategies would be the same under the new President. Strong campaigns, he said, were planned in places like Williamston, N.C., and Danville, Va. They were held up during the period of mourning, and momentum is only now beginning to build. Mr. Lewis cited the time and money that went into the Washington March as another reason for the quiet period afterward.

Both he and Mr. Forman talked of different and dramatic new forms of direct action. ("We can't just keep sitting-in.") Some specific plans are under discussion; some are yet to be hatched. Mr. Forman mentioned possibilities inherent in buying stock in segregated businesses, a device used in the Dobbs House campaign. He said SNCC people might be expected to show up at various stockholders' meetings during the year.

The three leaders seemed to have no worries about their base of support from the Negro people in the South. Asked about this, Mr. Forman cited several indications of popular support, including the 80,000 Negroes who took part in a mock vote during recent Mississippi elections. Why has it seemed increasingly necessary to use high school students in demonstrations? Young people have always been in the forefront, he answered, because they have least at stake. In Birmingham, where high schoolers were used heavily, there just weren't very many college students.

"It's going to be the kids who do it," Mr. Forman said. "They have to

John Lewis

initiate things. . . . The rest of the people catch up."

Dr. King and Mr. Forman both discussed the criticism of direct action that came last year from whites in the North. Dr. King said 1963 brought out the similarities of the North and South. Whites in the North found they had prejudices they didn't know they had. In the South, prejudice is "overt and legal." In the North, it is "covert and subtle."

"The whole nation has a long, long way to go before it is integrated. . . . It can't be done by legisla-

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tion, though this can pave the way."

"The South has a problem and knows it. . . . If the North isn't careful, the South will pass it in race relations. At least the average white Southerner has had some contact with Negroes. Once this is transformed, it can be a beautiful relationship. . . . In the North, we find people dedicated to abstract principle, but there comes the moment when the person collides with the principles. . . . The North has to be very careful and vigilant."

Mr. Forman said he didn't think Northern reaction was "relevant." It's just a "guide" for militants "to push forward." The same thing happened in the South when direct action started . . . "until they accepted the fact that the students were going to keep pushing. Then they decided either to be conciliatory, or to settle in for a long battle."

If direct action were to hold back this year because of Northern opposition, it would face the same reaction a year from now. "We would just be another year behind."

Summing up their outlooks and plans for the year, all three leaders emphasized that everything is tentative and flexible. Mr. Lewis spoke of "creative streaks" that might change the whole direction of things at any time in the South. Perhaps the key to understanding just how flexible the prospects are and how much more important is the tone of what these leaders were saying is contained in two other brief statements they made.

One came from Mr. Forman: "It's a fundamental mistake that agitation is not valued for itself. . . . There can be a lot of unintended consequences — like the civil rights bill itself. . . ."

The other was from Mr. Lewis: "The whole of 1964 will be a hot year."

Gold in the Ski Hills . . . . . David Cort

The skiing population of the United States had passed the beatnik population by 1960, at about a million activists. In the interval since then, the ski slopes have filled with novices, and the total must now be 3 million. These are not all skiing on any weekend, but they own some part of the equipment and follow the snow reports. There may be some beatnik-skiers (the contrasts between the two elites would make a Ph.D. thesis) and these would be among the "ski bums" and "snow bunnies," but they do not marry one another if they can help it.

The kind of capitalist who used to invest in a bowling alley or a marina is now well advised to try for a part of the ski dollar. American know-how has reduced the gamble, enlarged the ski-able area and, incredibly, lengthened the season.

In order to ski, you need, first, a hill, and then you need snow on it. This combination is normally available in the far West and the Northeast for about four months a year, at a few inaccessible spots. This will not do; this will not do at all. The elements of the problem must be approached separately.

No Snow. This sounds like the absolute end of the subject. But not so fast. Two hoses simultaneously ejecting pressurized water and compressed air produce a miniature but authentic snowstorm. The range of the hoses or pipes generally limits this miracle to the lower or novice slopes. The capital cost of the equipment may run up to $100,000 for a big installation. The labor costs are considerable. Still, there is your snow.

The cultural result is that skiing has exploded beyond the natural limits of space and time. The Appalachians do actually run down into quaint Southern states where the night temperatures sometimes fall below freezing, but little or no snow falls. The snow-machines correct this discrimination. The Cataloochie ski resort at Maggie, N.C., has been in operation for several years. The summer resort at Gatlinburg, Tenn., a village with 149 hotels and motels of which all but thirty have had to close down in the winter, has taken on a new greedy life with snow-machines. Blowing Rock, N.C., and Blood Mountain, Ga., followed suit; and the unconscionable sight of a Southerner on skis is becoming an actual fact of life.

But even the North does not disdain the snowmaker. About a third of New York State's eighty-one areas use them; the Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts areas depend on them in the majority; and even Vermont. New Hampshire and Maine occasionally stoop to this shameful stratagem while affecting not to need it. The affectation is permissible for just one spot in the Northeast: Pinkham Notch, where the snow blowing off Mount Washington packs so deeply that there is sometimes natural skiing on the Fourth of July. (In current listings, Pinkham Notch, where I began skiing, has become something called Wildcat. The naming of slopes has become as competitive and meaningless as the naming of detergents.) Thus the snowmakers extend winter in time as well as space, carrying the season into May wherever the night temperatures drop below freezing.

But even God-given snow is no longer considered satisfactory. The careful operator hastens to "groom" it for the customers. There are machines to break up the snow, pack it, move it around and rejuvenate "worn-out snow." On these sculptured surfaces the newer short skis, under 6 feet, are acceptable and easy to work, whereas they would be useless in deep, new snow.

Now for the second element in the problem:

No Hills. This is the actual state of affairs through most of the heavily populated Midwest. Three years ago Ohio didn't have a single ski slope. No mountains have erupted in the interval, but Ohio now has eight functioning ski resorts, Michigan eighty-seven and the whole Midwest 155. It seems that a minor bump on the landscape can be dressed upward by bulldozers during the summer. When a vertical drop of 200 or 300 feet has been produced, the carving of traverses back and forth will achieve a re-

David Cort's latest book is Social Astonishments (*Macmillan*).

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spectable run; and the bump is now worthy of ski-lifts, a lodge, saunas, heated pool and a name band.

This brings us to the third element:

No People. The beauty of skiing is to be alone on an infinite field of white on white, as in vast areas of the Alps, Andes and Himalayas. But that is not at all what the resort operators have in mind. God forbid! When the Northeast now numbers 170 major skiing *areas* and a spot such as Mount Snow advertises thirty lodges and motels, an entrepreneur faces the nightmare of enjoying the unearthly loneliness all by himself some weekend.

Each resort tries to avert this by developing customer loyalty. Perhaps the most important man for this purpose is the ski instructor. It is brought home that one should continue taking lessons for life, or until one becomes an instructor oneself. At present the best instructor jobs are held by Austrians and Scandinavians, but the Austrian, modified Austrian and French schools of skiing are currently being replaced by "the American," which is an eclectic, standardized system. Thus, the student can change slopes and instructors, and still understand the language.

Resorts also acquire specialized images. In the Northeast, these can be loosely defined. Experts: Waitsfield, Suicide Six, Sugarloaf, Wildcat, Cannon. Luxury: Stowe, Lake Placid, Mont Tremblant. Girls: Sugarbush. Families: Gore Mountain, Belleayre, Big Bromley, Mittersill. Everything: Mount Snow.

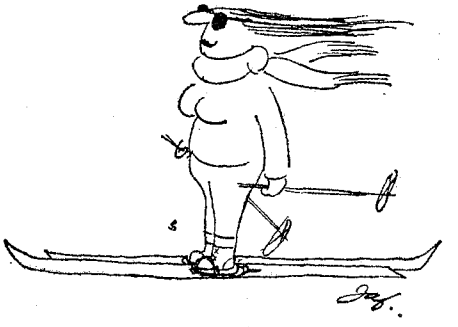
Another way to get people is to run bus trips from the nearest city. For less than $20, one can spend a weekday skiing between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M., complete with transportation and hired skis, poles and boots. It is assumed you are dressed properly: heavy underwear, two pairs of socks, turtleneck shirt, stretch pants, sweater, parka, scarf, ear cover and goggles. You are advised not to buy skis and boots your first year, but this may be a plug for the rental services, since a season's rentals will about equal the $150 for good skis and boots.

Ski-lift tickets are not free either; in fact, they are the basic gold in the hills. At a relatively inexpensive New York center, chair-lifts run up to $6 a day; T-bars from $2 to $5; rope tows $1 to $3. At the New England resorts you pay a whole lot more. It never occurs to anybody to ski or walk uphill; it is not the American way. As income-producer, the ski-lift is even better than the cocktail bar.

Skiing's major effort to hold the customers is contained in the remarkable word, "après-ski." "Après-ski" runs the gamut from an open fire, mulled wine, heated swimming pools and saunas and a night club to, of course, marriage.

The Vatican's magazine has expressed the opinion that ski resorts encourage "drinking, dancing, easy adventuring, gambling and exhibitionism in the form of sun-bathing. . . . Moralists would have difficulty trying to justify the two-piece costumes of pseudo-skiers and other forms of nudism and semi-nudism practiced under the excuse of sun therapy in the mountains."

The suggested picture of dissolute Norse gods on an icecap or a wide-open Klondike hell on a glacier is, according to my best information, quite imaginary. For one thing, many parties include small children, who tend to have a damping social effect; for another, there is a lot of good-guy muscle around. Certainly the boys and girls communicate but, on the premises, that is evidently all. The communication takes the form of the subtlest and tightest stretch suits (not just pants), $50 après-ski boots, suede jackets, moleskin parkas; and bikinis at swimming pool and sauna. There are indeed drinking, dancing, adventuring and, certainly, exhibitionism, but hardly anybody gets pregnant at a ski resort.



Economically, the skiing boom must be read as a Northern plot to take the winter vacation dollar away from Florida and the Southwest. (But Arizona and New Mexico have their own ski slopes.) And everybody is in on the plot. Newspapers and radio try to give complete reports on snow conditions within a radius of about 400 miles. As the resorts multiply, the reports are obliged to get terser. Local depths of snow are now omitted; and a one-word description is given a whole area: excellent, good, fair, poor, or (alas!) no skiing.

Of all the social impacts of the skiing boom, the prime must be the international one. And so we come to:

No Gold Medals? On Wednesday, January 29, 1964, the IXth Olympic Winter Games began at Innsbruck, Austria, and each day's doings will be shown on American TV in the evening. In the VIIIth Olympic Winter Games at Squaw Valley, Calif., the U.S. figure skaters and our hockey team won three gold medals, and that was all we won. And on February 15, 1961, all our best figure skaters were killed in a plane crash at Brussels. Two incredibly young people are now our entries in figure skating.

In the Nordic events (cross-country and jumping) and in speed skating the Americans are supposed to have no chance. Heretofore we have never had a prayer in Alpine skiing — downhill, slalom and giant slalom.

But suddenly the great American desire to overwhelm the insuperable has risen in the person of one Robert Beattie, coach of the University of Colorado ski team, now on leave to our Olympic Alpine team. Since last August he has subjected fourteen boys and girls, all under twenty-three, young for Olympic competition, to a terrible discipline that would break a wartime commando. By now they are tough, and perhaps they have lost their awe of the Europeans.

Given our unimpressive record, one must be awed by Beattie's statement: "We honestly believe that it's just a matter of time before we are the best Alpine nation in the world. . . . I think that in slalom, for instance, we are technically the best in the world." His best man is Buddy Werner, a superb loner from Steamboat Springs, Colo., who for the first time has respectable competition from his teammates.

The definition of what Mr. Beattie means by "a matter of time" can be seen on the television screen beginning January 29.

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Challenge of the New Theatres

Harold Clurman

The "breakdown" of Broadway, the consequent propaganda for the theatre's decentralization, the aid of the foundations, the spread of university and community stages, the "cultural explosion" have all led to the establishment of a number of new repertory or semi-repertory theatres — with more or less permanent staffs — from New York to California, in the South and the Southwest. We have reason to be pleased, but it is too soon to celebrate. As Van Wyck Brooks many years ago said (in effect): America is the land of promising first acts.

An American characteristic which may frustrate our hope in the new theatres is impatience. We must not expect miracles overnight. Time is required to mature all concerned: the directorate of the various theatres, their personnel, their audiences. We have no settled tradition to proceed from. We must learn.

The first step is to define aims. The repertory system by itself is a measure of convenience; it can prove a drawback. A permanent company should be a great asset; it may turn into a dead weight. A subscription audience is extremely useful; it has occasionally acted as a block.

It is not enough to say that the goal of the new enterprises should be to offer "good theatre." As Stanislavsky told Norris Houghton, no one has ever deliberately tried to found a bad theatre. Nor can each of the new companies strive for exactly the same ends. Much depends on where each theatre is situated and the conditions under which it is obliged to operate, the audience it hopes to attract, the very structure of the building it must occupy.

The Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will serve New York. It cannot do everything for New York which New York needs, nor can it do everything at once. (It promises a studio auditorium for special productions when its permanent quarters have been built.) New York should have several similar theatres, as London at present has three, Paris four, Moscow many. It is a sign of sanity that the organizers of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center recognize that even if they play at capacity for fifty-two weeks every season they cannot look forward to a profit! The theatre is not a merchandising business any more than is a library, a museum or a symphony orchestra.

Countries which have long theatrical histories may maintain theatres especially designed to preserve those traditions. That is the chief purpose of the Comédie Française and to some extent this was and is the purpose of the Old Vic and of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. It is largely true of the various state or municipal theatres in Germany. Most European countries have produced dramatic literatures rich enough to sustain such theatres over the years.

America has not (though there are more American plays worth revival than we suppose). Certain choices are open to the founders of the new theatres. The choice which is really no choice at all is to announce that one is going to present a series of good plays. The question to be asked is: good for what, good for whom?

A company of actors unprepared—that is, not specifically trained — to do Elizabethan, Restoration or Classic Greek plays deceives itself and its audience when it undertakes to stage them. I could list a whole shelf of masterpieces — by Strindberg, Kleist, Racine, Calderon and others — which would doom any company offering them in the wrong place at the wrong time. Their *audiences* are not prepared! Remember that Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, eagerly received and thoroughly appreciated in scores of university theatres throughout the country, flopped on Broadway despite an expert cast. The same is true of so relatively forthright a play as Sartre's *No Exit*. The circumstances — costs of production, price of seats, the whole atmosphere and mental disposition — on Broadway are inimical to the proper reception of such plays. The audience is a theatre's leading actor!

The Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis made a wise choice of plays for its first season. *Hamlet*, Molière's *The Miser*, Chekhov's *Three Sisters* and Arthur Miller's *The Death of a Salesman* are suitable to any American city of like size. But note in passing that *The Miser*, performed in a sort of enlarged "revue" style, and *Three Sisters* were more popular than *Hamlet*, done by actors not wholly up to the demands of that formidable play. It is a moot point whether it is better to do a great play with mediocre means than to do a lesser but still worthy play more congruously.

It might be desirable to institute a theatre entirely devoted to "difficult" or *avant-garde* plays (a) if the director, actors and others are equipped to do them well, (b) if there is a sufficient number of people in the community who wish to see such plays, and (c) if the financial support at the theatre's command can be counted on for respectable productions of these plays. One must remember always that we are speaking not of the desultory production of separate plays but of a continuous program of production.

To present plays by Ghelderode, Beckett, Ionesco, Genet or even more recent examples of "adventurous" drama, in addition perhaps to plays like Büchner's *Wozzeck* and Strindberg's *Dream Play* or his *Ghost Sonata*, without reference to all the above considerations would be as much an artistic misdemeanor as a sign of organizational ineptitude. There is little point in speaking of the theatre as a social art and ignoring in practice the actual society in which the theatre finds itself.

Most of the new theatres—particularly those in cities unused to a steady regime of substantial fare — will to begin with have to be eclectic in the manner of the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre of Minneapolis. If a university is able to finance a professional company on any long-term basis — as has to some extent occurred at the University of Michigan — the theatre may take greater risks. No theatre may look forward to a secure future where it is expected to prove a "smash" with its initial productions.

Beyond the practical considerations of the problem there lies the root question of what constitutes a true

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theatre. The answer once given by the great Russian director, Vachtangov, was couched in the special jargon of his time and place (Moscow, 1919), but it is none the less exact: "A theatre is an ideologically cemented collective."

This bespeaks not what we call a "policy" but a fundamental Idea. This Idea — religious, social, aesthetic, political or only "technical" — must inform the entire theatrical community from dramatist to minor player and apprentice craftsman. Such a theatre is not intended as the stage equivalent of a library (offering the Hundred Best Books) or a Museum for the display of masterpieces. A true theatre creates from its Idea; it educates its members in the Idea and generates production methods from it. The Idea is born of an impulse in the society in which the theatre's artists live and is directed toward that society. Dramatists and interpreters are interrelated as kinsmen in a common movement immanent in the social unit of which they are at once the projection and the instrument. Thus the career of such a theatre will take on the kind of character and meaning we find in the work of an individual artist.

Such unity was more or less spontaneously achieved in the Classic Greek, the Elizabethan, the seventeenth-century French theatres by virtue of the homogeneity of their respective cultures. Unity of this kind is extremely difficult to arrive at in our day — especially in America. Still something of this aesthetic-social concord has been attained.

Besides its purely professional reforms, the Moscow Art Theatre in 1898 declared its purpose to be the creation of serious art for the People. By the "People" the leaders of that famous institution chiefly meant the middle-class intelligentsia and the educated working class. The result was a theatre which explored many avenues of theatrical expression, though its signal contribution was consummated in the production of plays by Chekhov and Gorky. With further development along these lines the studios of the Moscow Art Theatre (virtually new theatres) veered at first toward a sort of Tolstoian mysticism and then proceeded to radical departures from realism, as well as to more pronouncedly social objectives.

By 1935, the Russian theatre had branched out into extremely diverse aesthetic manifestations. Its progress was then impeded by a politically oriented campaign against "formalism," when a very restrictive interpretation of "Socialist realism" was imposed by main force.

Though the Theatre Guild between 1919 and 1929 was hardly a theatre in the sense I have indicated, it did make a valuable contribution in organizing audiences through subscription and in maintaining a fairly consistent program of the kind of contemporary European play which had up to that time been considered caviar to the general. The Theatre Guild represented the new cosmopolitanism of New York's middle class shortly after the First World War. In 1928, the Theatre Guild adopted Eugene O'Neill, scion of another body, the Provincetown Players.

The Group Theatre (1931-41) was the first, and so far the last, conscious effort in America to create a theatre exemplifying both an aesthetic and a "philosophic" attitude. Its first emphasis was on a unity of technique—particularly in regard to acting; its second was the enunciation of what it held to be the temper of American life of the time. The combination resulted in the emergence of a playwright from its permanent acting company: Clifford Odets. He was in effect not only the Group Theatre's typical figure but that of the decade.

What Idea will motivate each of our new theatres? That is for each of them to decide for itself, depending on the composition of the companies. Without some coherent Idea to impel it, an Idea which each group must learn to formulate for itself and exemplify in their action, none will survive beyond the flush of its first flight.

It is my personal conviction that every true theatre must sooner or later produce its own native play-

The Shah of the Tundra

The shah of the tundra
white in his kingdom of seal,
shrieking for harlots at midnight,

weeping in ermine at noon.
No vizir in his palace,

And love in an infidel country
far from caliph. Silence!
Caribou advance

to hear the polar sultan
reciting the Koran.

Colette Inez

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Sir Charles P. Snow (The Times Literary Supplement, October 25, 1963, "The Two Cultures: A Second Look") writes: "Jacob Bronowski had, at various times in the fifties, dealt imaginatively with many aspects of these problems" (the two cultures). . . . In the most lively of all contributions to this subject, a Third Programme feature not yet published*, Bronowski deliberately avoided the word 'culture' for either side and chose as his title **Dialogue Between Two World Systems."**

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wrights. (The Group Theatre presented plays by Paul Green, John Howard Lawson, Dawn Powell, Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Kingsley, before it reached Odets' *Waiting for Lefty* and *Awake and Sing.*) This does not mean that all other dramatists are to be considered "alien"; it means that somehow all the plays produced by a true theatre must more or less serve as "original" expressions of the group (directors, actors and others) who compose its membership.

Such a theatre does not follow fashion, however attractive, up to date, "advanced"; it bodies forth its own spirit. It should be conceived, not as an interpretive vehicle, but as a creative organism. It may find material in old plays of any period from any land, but in this kind of theatre such plays become its own plays, a facet of its own "message." This implies no distortion of revered texts in the manner of certain early Soviet productions. (Though I confess a preference for Meyerhold's staging of Gogol's *Inspector General* or the Jewish Chamber Theatre's mounting of *King Lear* in Moscow 1935 to most of the "faithful" or faceless Shakespeare productions in America and England.) Classics are produced in my "ideal" theatre, not solely on account of their literary stature but for their relevance to its audience. The outstanding example of this sort of theatre for the past decade or more has been the Berliner Ensemble whose guiding spirit was Brecht but whose productions have not been confined to his plays. A large community may have several such theatres with differing Ideas. If they are truly theatres each will create its own identity.

For these theatres to exist and flourish more than a collection of expert professionals is required. The theatre as it develops must *school* itself for the tasks it envisions. We have as yet no single body of theatre craftsmen capable of coping with the wide range of styles which the perspective of our dramatic heritage offers. We must be modest even as we are ambitious. The theatre must not regard itself simply as an arena for the exhibition of a prize "product," but the ground for the cultivation on the broadest possible basis—technical and spiritual—of the artists and world view it hopes to have emerge.

There are enormous resources of talent in our country, but little coordinating discipline or formative enterprise. That is why the theatre has become a hand-to-mouth business instead of what it was destined to be: a vital expression of adult concern. We are too concentrated on sensations, names, electrifying phenomena, bewitching personalities, and not enough on organic growth. We are eager for the fruit; we do not care about the tree.

With the establishment of the new theatres we have our best chance for a transformation. But we shall miss our opportunity if we think of the new theatres in the light of the old. These new theatres must not be as good or better than Broadway but altogether different. They must forge new paths for actors, dramatists, directors, audiences and the monied patrons. This cannot be done in a hurry. One, two, or even three seasons will not be enough.

Pride of the Pentagon

HEUSINGER OF THE FOURTH REICH. By Charles R. Allen, Jr. Marzani & Mansell. 320 pp. $2.50 paper.

Heinz Pol

In one of the wings of the Pentagon reserved for the top brass there is a large suite known as 3-E-180. In its comfortable and spacious main room, behind a huge desk, a man sits and works from 9 A.M. until late at night. Without exaggeration, this man may be described as one of the most incredible figures of our incredible times. He is, of course, top brass himself. Although he is not a member of the United States armed forces, nor even an American citizen, he commands, at least temporarily, virtually all American troops stationed in Europe.

The foreign general in his neat, bluish uniform is a slender man, not given to much talk. He lives a quiet life in Washington, avoids cocktail parties and publicity, and prefers to bury himself in mountains of paperwork. He is what the Germans aptly call a *"Bürogeneral"* (an armchair general). It was only at the beginning of his long military career, during World War I, that he saw active duty. Later on, he became a planner and organizer. In this capacity he has been, and still is, exceptionally successful. Otherwise he would hardly occupy his present position in the Pentagon—which, by the way, he sometimes leaves for his office in Paris, where he holds an equally high rank, though he is not a Frenchman, either.

Some fifteen years ago, he published his autobiography. Composed primarily to conceal or obscure certain facts, it is written in an admirable, almost poetic style which permits the suggestion that he might have become a successful fiction writer.

Who is this man? He is Adolf Heusinger, Inspector General of the West German *Bundeswehr* and, since April, 1961, Chairman of the Permanent Military Committee of the Standing Group of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. At first glance, the choice of Heusinger for a top-ranking position with NATO seems to have been a polite gesture toward the former enemy who is now numerically the strongest European partner of the alliance. However, the appointment has far more than symbolic or diplomatic significance. To this officer, his present status does not mean too much, although he has every right to feel flattered. Not so long ago, Heusinger was Chief of Operations and Planning of the German Army High Command (OKH), directing all territorial forces of Hitler's *Wehrmacht*, and that was a much more important job. At the end of the war, Hitler, who had awarded Heusinger a special medal for his devotion to the Führer, nominated him Deputy Chief

Heinz Pol is the U.S. correspondent of the Frankfurter Rundschau, *one of West Germany's leading liberal dailies.*

Particles

The crop, a kind of heart
containing grit, serves
to nourish — or sandpaper,
rasping as a broken fingernail,
polishes wood to reveal
undulations of grain —
or fragments of abrasive
between discs of glass
if rotated under pressure
can hone a surface
and by calculation carve,
with patience, a parabolic mirror
in which a haze can be gathered
from the night and resolved
into a moraine of stars,
each granule, a sun.

Gael Turnbull

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of the German General Staff. He was the last one.

This was by no means the end of Heusinger's career. Immediately after the collapse of the Third Reich, he and some of his cronies started to gather the remnants of the officially defunct German General Staff and submitted to the civil authorities the first blueprints for rebuilding Germany's military forces. Six years later, when German rearmament was officially sanctioned by the Western Allies, Heusinger became Chief Military Adviser to Adenauer, and in 1955, Inspector General of the new German army. This was no mean accomplishment, especially when one takes into account that during the war General Heusinger, scrupulously following the Führer's orders, committed crimes of a magnitude and cruelty that were rare even when compared with the leading zealots of Nazi Germany.

Of course, Heusinger never tortured or killed anyone himself (neither did Hitler). But during the long Russian campaign the OKH, directed by Heusinger, was assigned to supervise the extermination of all so-called partisans; this included, needless to say, the liquidation of all Jews, Gypsies, Soviet commissars, et al. The slaughter was physically carried out by special SS formations, but the OKH issued the overall "directives," and more than a few of them carried Heusinger's signature.

When the Nazi Chief of Operations, whose name was on the first general list of war criminals drawn up by Allied experts, testified at Nuremberg, he turned out to be a versatile, double-talking, evasive but at the same time useful witness for the prosecution. He asserted that he did what he was told by Hitler to whom he was bound by oath, that he personally thought the extermination campaigns foolish because they merely strengthened the resistance of the partisans and that, furthermore, other generals, like Jodl, were far more responsible than he was for any crimes committed.

Jodl was promptly hanged, and a short while later Heusinger joined the Intelligence Agency of General Gehlen. This organization was founded right after Potsdam by the Office of Strategic Services in Washington, as a first step toward salvaging—for use in the next war against the common enemy—as much as possible of the invaluable military intelligence accumulated by Hitler's *Wehrmacht*.

Anyone who is interested in the details of the colorful life and achievements of the present chairman of NATO's Military Committee will find what he is looking for in the book by Charles R. Allen, Jr., a young American journalist and writer. Allen obviously has devoted years of study, not only to Heusinger himself, but to the much wider context of the fascinating, and in many respects depressing, revival of German military might which today dominates NATO and plays an important role in international politics. Allen abundantly documents the open and secret connections between certain American and German civil authorities and groups whose ultimate intentions are without a doubt not in the best interests of the United States, nor of a democratically oriented new Germany, nor of a lasting peace.

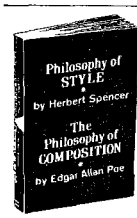
Unfortunately, *Heusinger of the Fourth Reich* is not very well written and edited. The author has not really produced a book, but a series of highly emotional articles, crammed with quotations. He documents every single fact with so many excerpts from newspapers, speeches, papers and other books that the reader founders in the mass of material. A more selective approach would have made for a far more readable and effective book. Also, a good many names are misspelled.

These shortcomings are regrettable, but they do not destroy the validity of the basic material. Much of it borders on the incredible. There is, for example, the frantic effort of the State Department and other official circles in Washington to whitewash General Heusinger. The image drawn by the State Department in answer to questions raised by some Congressmen and other worried persons is that of a freedom-loving, anti-Hitler general who reluctantly did his duty and who is now doing everything in his power to build up a new German army in a truly democratic spirit. If Heusinger ever was an anti-Nazi, he kept it so closely to himself that after the attempt on Hitler's life in 1944, even the Gestapo could not find a shred of evidence against him: he remained one of Hitler's most loyal officers to the bitter end.

There are not enough responsible persons in the United States who will stand up against the myth-making of the State Department. Senator Wayne Morse declared shortly after Heusinger's nomination as chairman of NATO's Military Committee (Allen quotes the *Congressional Record*):

> *. . . let the State Department thoroughly understand that I do not buy the argument that . . . we can justify putting a Nazi general in a NATO military position where he will have influence, authority and power in determining the combined military policy to which the United States is a party. This Nazi general [Heusinger] unquestionably must bear his share of the responsibility for the deaths of thousands of American boys. . . . What about our memories? Are they that short?*

There is no question but that Heusinger, with his professional background, convictions and ambitions, wants to build up a powerful *Bundeswehr* with the most up-to-date equipment, including nuclear weapons if he can get them (he is certainly asking for them). After all, he represents the military traditions of Prussia. It is quite another question whether responsible persons in Germany and the United States perceive the danger inherent in the steady remilitarization of the Federal Republic, with its preponderance of military thinking over civilian planning and action. As an individual, Heusinger is less to blame for his fantastic career than are the people who pushed him where he is today. It is one of the



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great values of Allen's book that he names all those, especially Americans in high positions, who are so pleased with their remilitarized Germany.

A few days before Heusinger was appointed to his present post with NATO, the United States Army awarded him the Legion of Merit. That is the highest award we give to foreigners. But, then, Heusinger is not really a foreigner. He is a most valuable ally and a sort of international military genius. What kind of award Washington will give him at the end of his term with NATO remains, for the time being, top secret.

Play With Words

A SKY OF LATE SUMMER. By Henry Rago. The Macmillan Co. 55 pp. $3.95.

Denise Levertov

Henry Rago's poems are essentially, though in no obvious way, religious. They celebrate the light of Nature as a reflection of inner light; they celebrate the word as the expression of a living Silence:

The shore
Signs itself in silence.

If all has been for the poem
The poem has been
For the silence it comes from,
For the silence
It must create.

I have found,
Am found by
A shore of silence.

It yields these words.

It holds my word.

Evil, anguish, *Angst* — we demand their presence in the poems of our day because they are in our lives; and it is true that for the most part they are absent from Rago's poems. Something we know must be there is neither mentioned nor clearly implied. It is a grave flaw, not in the individual poem but in the work as a whole. And yet, the recurring vision — the common source of his many images of light, of transparency, of ecstatic dazzle — does convince, in and of itself. The affinity in spirit is with Traherne.

Typically (though there are poems in this volume, chiefly in the second of the four sections into which it is divided, that fail to find their own form and are choked by predictable rhythms), Rago's poems are formally individual and expressive: the forms have risen directly out of the content, are a manifestation of content. I particularly like the way repeated words weave strongly into the fabric, and the sense of word leading to echo-word, not capriciously, but in a revelation of correspondences.

This house, pitched now
The dark wide stretch
Of plains and ocean
To these hills over
The night-filled river,
Billows with night,
Swells with the rooms
Of sleeping children . . .

Here the linked sounds, from pitch to stretch, from ocean to over to river, from hills to filled to billows, are referring like an arpeggio, to a chord, a chord which is itself a musical symbol of Night; not night in its fearful and desolate aspect but night vast, mysterious and recreative.

. . . Ah, how the distances
Spiral from that
Secrecy:
Room,
Rooms, roof,
Spun to the huge
Midnight, and into
The rings and rings of stars.

Rago is well known as the editor, since 1955, of *Poetry* (Chicago). Many poets and readers of poetry are apt to think of him only in this role. Perhaps this is the way he has wanted it to be, for he has not published very frequently in the magazines, and there is a gap of fifteen years between this, his second book, and his first. I would like to see him allow himself more abundance, and come to grips with a wider range of experience. In doing so, he would not be likely to lose the grace he has, the quality Hayden Carruth has described as "crystalline." There are lines and stanzas that put me in mind of some of Antonio Machado's short poems and "proverbs"; this section of Rago's "Provence: 5 Marriage Songs," for instance:

The Bicycles

Sun in the wheels, and the wheels singing.
Is it the sun the wheels are singing?
It is the sun that spins! The sun singing!

As Machado often did, Rago will play with a few words, making of their sounds and meanings taken together ("Nothing is itself taken alone," as Wallace Stevens wrote) a pattern like the juggler's pattern of colored balls in air. Perhaps Rago will come, like Machado, to explore in his poetry what is somber in himself and harsh in the life about him, thereby giving to those Traherne-like images of radiance their missing shadows.

Letter from Washington

Frederick Gutheim

Washington's new Museum of History and Technology, which opened January 23, offers proven ingredients, whose importance and popularity have long been established, in a new institutional setting. The original "Star Spangled Banner" that flew over Fort McHenry, the locomotives and agricultural machines that were landmarks in the history of invention, the veritable costumes of Presidents' wives, a great collection of railroad equipment, trolley cars and automobiles — these have assured the old Smithsonian Arts and Industries Building on the Mall of millions of visitors each year. Now that the fascinations have been moved to their new setting at Fourteenth Street and Constitution Avenue, attendance will probably double, perhaps to ten million.

That the new building, facing the Washington Monument, is an architectural disaster has long been recognized. It has been hard to understand how it can be both so scaleless and so inhumanly crushing. Now that it has been opened, it can be said that the interiors are, if that is possible, worse than the exteriors, and represent a positive obstruction to the museum installations.

Fortunately the collections can rise above all this, as they have for so many decades risen above their earlier home in the unhandy atrocity (reportedly to be torn down) next to Renwick's Smithsonian headquarters building. In the new and larger building, things can be spread out, better lit, with modern installation and new captions. Best of all, a great deal that has never been displayed can now be shown. While only one-fifth of the ultimate museum is thus far on display — a salute to retiring Smithsonian Secretary Leonard Carmichael, under whose direction the institution has been developed — it is clear not only that this is the most important mu-

Frederick Gutheim is president of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, and author of The Potomac *in the Rivers of America Series.*

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seum of its kind in the nation, but that the technical sections alone, when completed, will rival the Deutsches Museum.

What to make of the humanistic elements of the new museum is still to be decided. Will they get on top of the engineering allure? Can Meaning compete for interest with Things? A brave try is being made. Never was there such an illustration of C. P. Snow's "two cultures." In contrast to the technology collections, where the classifying spirit of the Smithsonian's founding fathers still reigns supreme, and machinery, tools and equipment are arranged like butterflies in trays, the curators responsible for history, politics, personalities and arts are determined to educate. The vitrines devoted to costume are witty as well as tasteful, and their commentary is more than informative; it does not shrink from *profondeur*. The basic series of rooms and panels in which the evolution of our national culture is illustrated is fresh, balanced and courageously edited. Even such a fascinating aside as scrimshaw, over which much could be made in a less disciplined situation, is limited to a single case of twenty-three objects which somehow say everything about the art and still suggest the lonely sailor's life, the frugality and ingenuity, the art as well as the craftsmanship of its subject. To compress the valuable and extensive art of the Shakers into hardly more space, and still allow it to make a strong contribution to what must become the central theme of the Museum, is a similar accomplishment (particularly when contrasted to last year's exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art).

The central theme of the Museum of History and Technology is the struggle to make a civilization out of the cornucopia of material richness that distinguishes our national history. Of our technical and engineering genius there can be no doubt, and it is better illustrated here than anywhere else. But to use these resources to raise the quality of life, to increase its significance, to refine its crudity, temper its harshness, elevate its humanistic values — these comprise the real effort. It would have been possible to avoid this issue, to settle for the presentation given, let us say, at the Rosenwald Museum in Chicago, or the Victoria and Albert Museum. It would have been easy to arrange two separate, unrelated museums. That this was not done we may take as a sign of maturity and an effort that deserves our best hopes.

Jibes at "the national attic" have long been fashionable. The Smithsonian contains as much plain memorabilia as more provincial collections. It is individual and corporate as well as national memorabilia. No serious question about dumping it has been raised since that day following the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition when sixty freight cars of exhibition material was delivered to the Smithsonian. The issue is how it shall be used. A long step forward is being taken, and the unfolding of this rebuilt collection and its wealth of new material will deserve careful attention. One only wishes it were not in that terrible building.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

In *Dr. Strangelove*, the team of Stanley Kubrick, Terry Southern and Peter Sellers sharpens the humanitarian message of such works as *On the Beach* and *Fail-Safe* by subjecting the bomb-induced paranoia of our era to ironic laughter. Irony is a very tricky implement for operating on the mass mind, and it remains to be seen whether in sharpening their position they may not also have narrowed it. In any case, they have made from Peter George's novel, *Red Alert*, a picture that is hideously funny, in the full meaning of the adverb.

The events and personnel of *Dr. Strangelove* are the familiar ingredients of a considerable anti-annihilation literature—the air force general who decides on his own that the hour to strike has struck, the safety device that fails to operate, the indoctrinated bomber crew that commits total murder with the trustfulness of good children, the anachronistic staff officer who sees himself charging the foe with the ghost of Patton at his elbow, the decent, mediocre American President who reasons desperately on the phone with a hysterical Russian premier, the heavily accented mathematical logician who plays doomsday chess—none of these is a fresh invention in the prophetic journalism of the day. But as anyone who has read *Flash and Filigree* or *The Magic Christian* would expect, Terry Southern has keyed the script to a ghastly slapstick and an unblinking nihilism that are new in the counteroffensive to brinkmanship.

His SAC general (Sterling Hayden) is not only irrational on the subject of Russia; he has lost his reason entirely and launches mankind's farewell war to protect the purity of his bodily fluids from the world scourge of fluoridation. And the bomber pilot (Slim Pickens), when the "go" signal reaches him at his patrol station, exchanges his crash helmet for a Texas cowhand's Stetson and takes off after the target with the ribald exuberance of a sheriff's posse.

The third officer in this lunatic triangle is a Pentagon staff general (George C. Scott) who is preserved in innocence by an impenetrable vulgarity. He cannot distinguish between nuclear war and the Rose Bowl game, he sees world tensions only in terms of what guys we can beat (never mind how we beat them). The spectacle of George Scott salivating over the prospect of destroying every human being east of the Danube at the cost of only a few million American lives is a tour de force in nausea. It is matched in the film only by the shots of American soldiers killing one another for possession of an air force base somewhere in the Southwest.

Peter Sellers is quite literally all over the picture—he plays three parts: an RAF group captain attached to the air base, the President of the United States and Dr. Strangelove himself. In the first of these roles, Sellers establishes a tone of British disdain that by itself could alienate a good part of the American audience. We have become a great big country since Mrs. Trollope put us across her knee, but the curled British lip is still intolerable anywhere in the United States outside the Anglophile lecture circuit. Sellers' President, on the other hand, is a work of such persuasive art that, although he in no way resembles any of our Chief Executives, you can scarcely believe that he is not an inspired piece of mimicry. President Muffley is the embodiment of the American executive ideal — a man whose sole quality is a talent for deciding what other men should do—and the fiendish notion here is to project such a man into a moment of ultimate crisis where any decision is irrelevant.

The two great scenes for Sellers are one in which, as the RAF officer, he persuades a redneck combat officer (Keenan Wynn) to commit blasphemy

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by shooting open a Coca Cola dispenser so that he can get enough change to phone the President, and one in which, as President, he tries by sweet Rotary Club reason to convince a slightly drunk Russian premier that America is the most confiding of friends despite the fact that the entire Strategic Air Force is careening toward the industrial and military heartland of the USSR.

Dr. Strangelove may well be the part that Sellers most enjoyed, but, despite the picture's title, it is curiously peripheral to the action and the least persuasive element of the script. That may be in part because the status of the games-theory warriors has been severely degraded in the months since work began on this picture. Aside from that, however, Strangelove takes no effective part in the events narrated and he is conceived in terms that go beyond the biting exaggeration of the other roles into virtuoso fantasy. The ex-Nazi theoretician's computerized brain is paralleled by a largely synthetic body, whose eyes float behind glasses as thick as quartz, whose false teeth click and clash like intricate gears, and whose prosthetic right arm snaps up in an involuntary Fascist salute as he writhes spastically in his wheel chair. He is clearly intended as the particular horseman of our apocalypse, but in the picture he never becomes more than an actor's ingenious conceit.

Mr. Kubrick is a bold man: he has taken a whole complex of America's basic assumptions by the shoulders and given them a rough shaking. And he has done it in a rough style that pays little heed to camera niceties or the normal luxury of commercial film-making, but throws all its emphasis on bravado acting and rapid, uncompromising melodrama. The picture sometimes falters into too obvious gags (pratfalls, the Russian ambassador with the hidden camera, the private secretary with the *Playboy* voice), but overall it holds a cold blade of scorn against the spectator's throat.

The danger is that it will be cheered by the people who already agree with it and resented by those still unconverted. Kubrick can argue with good logic that if you are to expose the fallacy of depending on the hydrogen bomb as the last bastion of a free society, you must also expose the ignorance of bigotry that invents and fosters such nonsense. But he and Terry Southern take a pleasure in flaying their contemporaries that may be more effective as sadistic humor than as adult education.

Elia Kazan's *America, America* runs for three hours. It is a slow, a tedious, picture. Partly, the tedium results from Mr. Kazan's screen style. He works methodically, filling his scenes with factitious detail and apparently uninterested in the wit and allusiveness of which the camera is capable. Every episode, almost every shot, has its own beginning, middle and end, and the numberless playlets are cemented together into a strip which, after the first two hours, threatens to stretch grimly to eternity.

But the picture also seems endless because it has nothing very interesting to say. It is an account of how Mr. Kazan's uncle, a Greek boy living under the epicene cruelty of the Turks, made good his determination to reach this country. The author-director seems to feel that we should all be deeply moved by this peasant boy's vision of the Statue of Liberty. But dreams are moving or not according to the quality of the dreamer, and Mr. Kazan has portrayed his relative-hero (in the person of a singularly lumpish young actor) as unresponsive, irresponsible, gullible, dishonorable, slow-witted and very lucky—an unimaginative egotist who had heard that America was a fat land and who craved fat as a pig craves truffles.

The picture was shot largely on location in Constantinople and on the plains of Anatolia, but it is constructed of what look like stock shots —mob scenes, thieves' dives, burning villages, cavalry charges through terror-stricken lanes, with a touch here and there of cynical sexuality, that could well have been culled from late, late television. And the actors, who speak English in a variety of comic accents, make almost no pretense to being anything but actors enduring a rather Spartan life on location. They are not asked to give much, and they surely do not volunteer.

Mr. Kazan apparently saw something beautiful and uplifting in his uncle's pilgrimage, but he has had the misfortune to mislay whatever it was in the character that might have given the account its general human significance. The tone is all wrong—mawkish cynicism is an impossible key for heroic narrative; and in three hours one can develop a very active dislike for a picaresque character who utterly lacks agility or charm.

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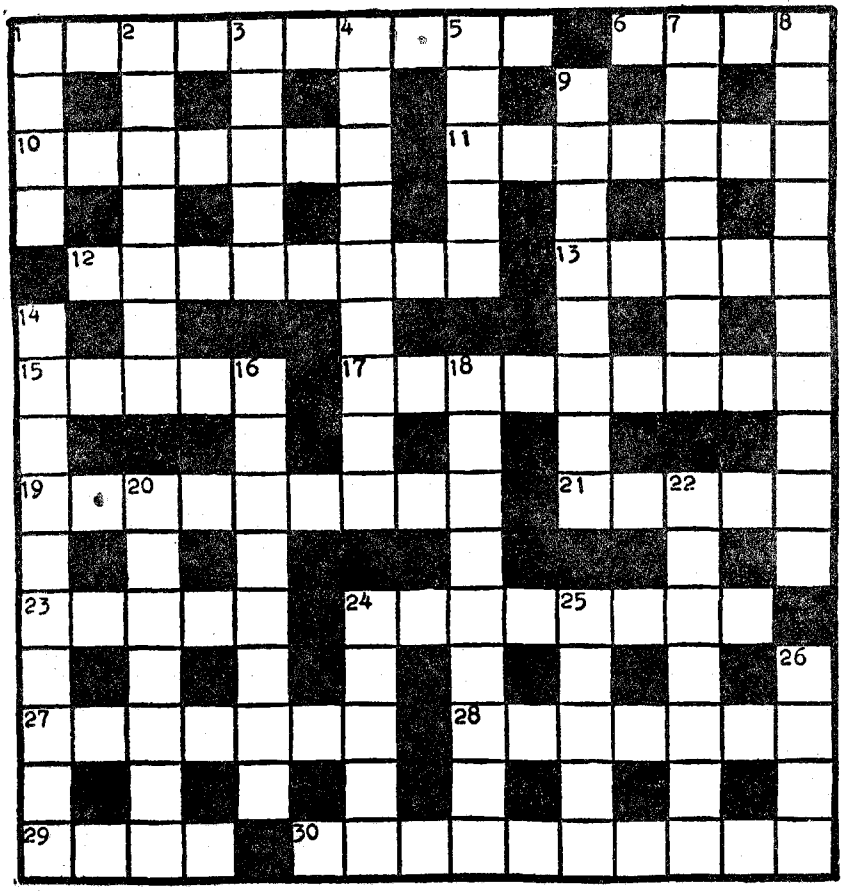
Crossword Puzzle No. 1044

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Help cure an awkward situation when the spirit of the Irish is broken. (10)
6 and 10 Soft material stepped on by the oppressed? (11)
11 Naval ring. (7)
12 This rope is twisted for the winners. (8)
13 Drawn shelters, by the sound of it. (5)
15 and 21 across Lights the underworld, but they hide the glare. (10)
17 This make of car is most like an act of exclusion. (9)
19 One who hoped to cause a waterfall? (9)
21 See 15 across
23 See 1 down
24 Water mark? Trunk, rather. (4, 4)
27 No cause that an ancient mariner might have respected. (7)
28 Is hung a different way in sorrow.
29 Why, by the sound of it, add breakfast food and criminal results? (4)
30 Is its sort mixed with 23 for followers of systematic knowledge?

DOWN:

1 and 23 Tending to hide the odor of death? (9)
2 and 24 down Managers of radio stations may have to, but not necessarily this type. (7, 5)
3 See 26 down
4 Part of the crew I operate effectively as the result of one's action.
5 Equal to more than one yen, rather commonly. (5)
7 Mona Lisa loses a sort of Near Eastern type. (7)
8 Certainly not the highest form of hot-water bottle in the screen.
9 Where little pigs might get clean? (4, 4)
14 It sounds like a very coherent tale in the upper part of a building — the other version would also appear plain. (10)
16 Time's up when one goes down part of the step. (8)
18 Mounting an invasion in what might destroy the house finish.
20 Lettuce, perhaps, might prove disastrous. (7)
22 An old lion tamer doesn't live with such people as Yankee Doodle. (7)
24 See 2 down
25 What Leerie did to 15 across. (5)
26 and 3 Is this an indication that the turn-over of merchandise wouldn't be considered good? (4, 3, 2)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1043

ACROSS: 1 Bittersweet; 9 and 16 Conspiracy; 10 and 11 Track suit; 12 Pounces; 13 Asinine; 15 Molasses; 18 Affect; 21 Alcatraz; 24 January; 26 Also ran; 28 Soli; 29 Oxlip; 30 Slow; 31 Cauliflower. DOWN: 2 Insinuate; 3 Tethers; 4 Real; 5 Wakes up; 6 Essen; 7 Rococo; 8 Picnic; 14 Usual; 17 Retrousse; 19 Flavor; 20 Turmoil; 22 Calypso; 23 Amazon; 25 Utica; 27 Olaf.

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EMOTIONAL INVOLVEMENT •

I enjoy having the opportunity to talk to people who are interested in psychoanalysis other than my patients who are forced to listen, or my pupils who have no choice.

My subject tonight is a rather complicated one. The title as you may know is "Emotional Involvement—Genuine and Counterfeit." Actually, my subject will be to describe for you disguised emotional uninvolvement. That's what I mean by counterfeit emotional involvement; and by genuine emotional involvement I mean both healthy and neurotic involvement. And even that doesn't tell you very much, so let me try, rather than define my terms, to illustrate what I mean by giving you a brief picture of people I have seen in recent times who portray one form or another of this particular kind of problem. What do I mean by emotional involvement or emotional uninvolvement? I'll begin by describing to you a group of men I have heard about, usually from women—in fact, almost always from women—who will tell me that they are spending time with a man who seems pleasant, entertaining, polite, courteous, considerate; who will take them to a good place to eat and some entertainment, and then would expect some kind of sexual satisfaction. And what puzzles these women when they describe these men is that these men don't talk—they won't talk about anything except trivia or gossip or some current event which is removed and remote and distant. And when they make any attempt to ask them about themselves, they are met with a rebuff. These men seem consciously to be saying, 'I don't want to get involved'. . . .

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